

Aitch, Zombie

Woah Kenny!

Pull it back I make it clap
Fucking up the map
Got me fillin up the MAC
Shit the studio my trap
Fiends knocking at my door, always tryna get a pack
But you can't hear me rap if you ain't tryna spend some racks
Feeling zombie from the cold, zombie from the yak
I forgot my past yeah I can barely hold a chat
Likkle man you lying pop shit, my contacts full of cats
They don't ask me how I'm doing they're just on man for a track (Pussy's)

Rest in Peace to set man cause they're dead to me
Ask me for a bring in but don't check for me
Now man are in my DM's tryna lecture me bout how they can't see me in the Vex with me
Coming from a place where you get one shot
Make it out or you blast a one pop
Man start moving shady if it's on top
Pray for all my brothers free my dons locked
Used to have a point to prove
Now I'm just a noisy yout
Tell your little bitch to give a boy the boot
Tryna make some money come and join the crew
If not I'm avoiding you, leave me be just sit back and enjoy the view

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Back to work I get it in then I get out the gaff
Got business to attend and if I've not I got a pound to splash
Face is bait they know it's Aitch so I go round the back
Linkin up with bae she make it clap should hear the sound of that
Say they're on me got me creasing like some AF1's
Said the cookies got me stinking up in Saint Laurent
Swear they hate me on the day because the papers long
But prick you're paying me my wages when you play the songs
Take a flight I'm going out of the estates
Just landed in LA with 50 thousand in my case
Man had to catch the hands for getting rowdy in my face
Now I'm a bigger man I just get out and walk away

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